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Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

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Growing Old.

As we grow old our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We grope, as those in darken'd ways,
Through all that is existent;
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear
With suns that long have faded,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few
For friends most lately taken,
But falls—as falls the summer dew
From roses lightly shaken—
Then some chance word or idle strain,
Be chords of memory sweeping,
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare
To those who greet us daily,
Or, if some living faces wear
The looks that beamed so gail
From eyes long closed—and we should smile
In answer to their wooing,
'Tis but the past that shines the while
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night
Are never of the morrow;
They come with vanished pleasure bright,
Or dark with olden sorrow;
And when we wake the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But of those in some long dead day
Passed through life's sunset portals.

—*W. F. Cameron.*

THE HERMIT.

A PATHETIC TALE OF MINING LIFE.

Away up on the main range—the Sierra Madre—of the Rocky mountains, twelve thousand feet above the sea rests a little mining camp of some twenty or twenty-five rough log cabins. Right on the edge of timber line! Tall, spruce pines below; bare, jagged rocks above. North, south, east and west huge peaks tower in their massive grandeur and rear their stony heads to the rising and setting sun, and seem like grim old sentinels keeping watch over the little basin in which are the cabins, collectively known as Mineral City. The mountain sides are seamed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores of cuts, shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardy miners delve after the metallic treasures of these great storehouses.

Near the blacksmith shop, where the not unmelodious ring of drills and picks being sharpened is heard all the day and far into the night, a little cabin stands unobtrusively upon its rocky foundation. There is an air of neatness about its hipped roof of nicely split "shakes" and its carefully hewn door that speaks well for the patience, taste and skill of its builder. In fact, the cabin is pointed out as a fine specimen of frontier architecture.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camp as "the Hermit." Not, be it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and, when joining the rest of the men about the fire in the saloon, always sought a corner and rarely, if ever, took part in the conversation.

He was vastly different from the rest of his fellow laborers. He never drank; he never swore; but in his quiet, unobtrusive way would sit and gaze intently at the fire, unmindful of the stories, the hearty laughter, the social drinking and the absorbing games of cards going on around him. Tall he was, with a decided stoop in his shoulders; a long beard, plentifully streaked with gray, and a pair of wearied, restless, nervous, yearning eyes, that somehow appealed to the rough but good-hearted miners.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City, and the saloon was the post-office. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival the hermit would join the crowd and listen with an eager, expectant air as the superscriptions of the various letters were read out by the saloon-keeper, and then, when the last missive had been reached and either claimed or set aside, he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fireplace, with never a word. Every mail that went out carried a letter from the hermit, always directed to the same party, and every month he registered one to the same address, which the boys shrewdly guessed contained such money as the poor fellow was able to scrape together from the scanty yield of his mine—the Alice.

The boys had often debated upon writing a letter to the hermit, for his continual expectation and his regularly bitter disappointment touched them, but they argued that it would not be what he wanted and so the idea was abandoned. Several of them asked the postmaster to lay aside their letters without reading aloud their addresses that the contrast might not be so painful to the hermit, and none of them gave vent to any joyful exclamations when the mail brought them favors, as was their wont. The old whisky keg, at the corner of the fireplace, was always reserved for the hermit, and come when he might he never found it occupied, or when sitting there was he ever crowded. And so these rough frontiersmen showed in various ways their sympathy for their lonely and silent companion, of whom they knew nothing save what his pinched, care-worn face and yearning eyes told.

One day the mail came in and the hermit was not there. This was so unusual that it led to considerable speculation among the boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the Alice, remembered that the hermit had not been to work that day or the day before, and when night came on and the keg in the corner remained unoccupied the boys concluded that investigation was necessary.

"Pards, I reckon the hermit may be a leetle off and might kinder need help," said Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me we might call in 'an see."

As this met the approval of all the men Georgia and Roney started up to the hermit's little cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the old flour sack that acted as a curtain for the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and, after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within. The hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off and his long, gray hair was tangled and unkempt. His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see, as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of feverish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hand he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old letter, and he never moved his eyes from them.

The rest of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time extreme poverty for even that rough country. Georgia withdrew his head and his companion took a look, after which they both softly retreated some little distance into the timber and paused.

"Well?" said Roney.

"Blamed queer," said Georgia.

"Kinder sick looking, eh?"

Georgia nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see the boys about it," said Roney, and then they both retraced their steps to the saloon.

The boys listened with interest to the report and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so thereupon the two once more started up the trail. They knocked — first softly and then louder — but elicited no response or caused any show of life within, save the extinguishment immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney, and without further word they left the little cabin and its solitary and eccentric occupant and joined their comrades.

The next day passed and the next and the hermit gave no signs of existence. That evening the mail came in and among the letters was one, in a woman's hand, for John Harmer, Mineral City, San Juan county, Colorado. There was not such a personage in the county, so far as the boys knew, but Georgia suddenly suggested that it might be for the hermit. This seemed most probable and he was deputed to carry it up and deliver it, if correct.

As before, all the knocking failed to obtain an answer, and Georgia, after a moment's hesitation, put his shoulder to the door and with as little noise as possible burst the wooden button off that served as a lock. The next instant and Georgia was in the room. The hermit lay extended upon the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing again the torn blanket on which he tossed.

"What's the matter, old pard?" said Georgia, as he raised the old man's head.

The fevered eyes slowly turned toward his face, the emaciated fingers opened and the poor, lonely old fellow said huskily:

"Don't tell her!"

"Who—tell who?"

"Alice—poor little thing—she don't know."

"Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia, and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick man in his arms and strode away to his own cabin.

The news of the hermit's sickness spread through the camp and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best that it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place that rich broths might be made for the invalid. One man traveled sixteen miles to Silverton to secure a can of peaches, and the men almost fought in their anxiety to act as nurses and watchers. Georgia thanked the boys, but kept them away, admitting only one or two to aid him in the care of the old man. But despite all this attention the old fellow sank and sank, and it soon became evident that the mountain fever had one more victim.

One night Georgia sat smoking his pipe and musing. The owner of the letter had been found, for in his ravings the old man had often mentioned the name of Harmer, but the boys feared lest he should die before reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old man any friends or relatives living, and where were they to be found? All these things and many more came flitting through his brain, and he did not hear his patient slowly raise himself in bed and stare about him. The old man looked the room over and then his eyes rested on the burly form by the fire.

"Georgia," he said.

In an instant Georgia sprang to his feet and hastened to the bedside.

"Why, pardner, yer—yer getting better, ain't you?"

The old man smiled wearily.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

Georgia briefly recounted the story of his illness, touching but lightly on what he had done and laying great stress on the interest of the men.

"But, now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded, with a cheerful laugh.

"No," said the old fellow, with the same weary smile, "but—but I thank you."

"Oh, nonsense—that's all right—you're only a leetle shook up, you know—it's natural after being as fur down as you've been. You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't let yer sand run out; besides, I've got a letter for you."

"Letter—for me?" and the old man's face lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tremor through Georgia's honest heart, lest the missive, after all, should not be for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

"Yes, yes," said the old fellow, "it's her writing, I know—like her mother's—oh, how long it has been coming—but now"—and his poor weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.

The old man let him take the letter, and then said suddenly, but in a low, even tone: "Hold on, Georgia."

Georgia paused.

"Georgia," said the old fellow, looking him steadily in the eye, "you've been kind to me — very kind — and I've got nothing to show for it—nothing but confidence. I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—then you can read that letter and you'll understand all the good news it contains."

He paused a moment and closed his eyes. Then he continued:

"Georgia, I was a likely sort of a young chap years ago—not such a good-for-nothing galoot as I am now, and I married, Georgia—married the best girl in old Pennsylvania. I was mighty happy—too happy, partner—that's what made it so hard when she died. We had one child—a girl—and we called her Alice—my wife's name. She was a wee little thing when her mother died and so very, very pretty. It was hard lines on me, Georgia, and somehow I got to drinking. I know it did me no good and I know it wasn't right, but a man don't reason much when he's desperate like, and so I drank and drank. I sold out everything and put my little girl—my little Alice—with my wife's brother. He had a family of his own and what could a lonely broken-hearted man like me do for a dear little girl? Georgia, if they'd come to me and talked good and gentle they could have made a man of me, but they didn't. They wouldn't let me come into their house, and they said that I'd killed my wife by drinking. Georgia, it was a lie — a lie. I never drank a drop till she died, and I wouldn't have done it then if I'd had any one to sympathize with me. But I hadn't; I was alone in the world—alone with my great grief, and—" and the old man's voice broke, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket, while two tears stole from his hot eyes, and trickling down the pale, pinched cheeks lost themselves in the gray hairs of his beard.

"Well Georgia," he said, presently, "they got an order from the court giving the guardianship of my child—my Alice—to her uncle, because they said I was unfit to take care of her, Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I wouldn't have been the fool I was. Well, I left and came West. I stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me. You believe me, Georgia?"

"Yes," said Georgia.

"After awhile I wrote to her uncle, and I told him of my new life and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That was in '67, and she was ten years old. He took no notice of my letter——"

"He's a ——" broke in Georgia, but suddenly checked himself before continuing:

"Then I thought perhaps he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went East. But he had, Georgia; he had. It was no use, though. He wouldn't believe in me and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said she should never know but what he was her father, at least until she was of age. I tried the courts, but I spent all my money without changing the decree. Then I gave it up and came back West again. I gained one thing, though. The judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or remaining with her guardian. I had to rest satisfied, and I worked and worked to get money for my little girl. I scrimped some, Georgia, but there's nearly twelve thousand dollars in the bank for her now," and the old man's voice and manner were full of pride.

"She was twenty-one last June, and I've been waiting for her letter. I knew it would come. Oh, Georgia, if she only knew how I worked for her; how I have waited, all alone, but still working and waiting; but she has written now, and to-morrow, Georgia—to-morrow, or next day, I must start East. We shall be very, very happy together, and—but read the letter—you know all now," and the lids closed again over the fevered eyes, and the poor old man softly murmured, "little Alice, little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness.

"My uncle," read Georgia, unsteadily, "has informed me of your relationship to me. I have only to say that I regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of my father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we cannot. ALICE HARMER."

Georgia turned toward the old man. "My God," he said, "the hermit is dead."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Effect of the Gulf Stream Upon the Climate of European Countries.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Austrian Civil Engineers, Mr. Carl Englehardt gave an interesting account of the natural supply of heat on the continent of Europe. He showed that certain European countries are favored over other parts of the world by the natural influences of the upper Etesian winds, the desert of Sahara and particularly the Gulf stream. When the Sahara was still a sea, the climate of Southern Europe and Northern Africa was many degrees colder than at present. Many thousand years ago, before the isthmus of Panama had been raised above the level of the sea, the Gulf stream flowed between North and South America. That was the glacial period in Northern Europe. Scandinavia and Finland were covered with ice, moose and reindeer abounded in Italy and Spain, and the south of Europe was inhabited by a race similar to the Laplanders. The Vosges and the Black forest were covered by glaciers. Through the rising of the Central American isthmus, the Gulf stream was turned eastward, and Europe emerged from the ice period.

In how comparatively short a time the climate of a country can change is proved by Greenland, which was discovered 892 years ago, and owes its name to the verdant valleys and blooming meadows which greeted the eyes of the first settlers. Even 450 years ago Greenland had over 200 towns and villages, and was a bishop's see. Through the elongation of the coral reefs of Florida, the Gulf stream has turned more toward the west coast of Europe, and Labrador and Greenland have now the climate of the Arctic circle. The mean temperature of the most southern point of Greenland is the same as that of Norway, 600 miles further northward.

The deflection of the Gulf stream will probably increase, as the Florida banks advance to finally join the Bahama and Tortugas islands, and the influence of the Gulf stream will at last be lost to Northwestern Europe. The consequence will be a decrease in the area of cereals in Europe, a considerable lowering of temperature, and a general reaction in the march of civilization on the Eastern continent. Some thousands of years will, however, elapse before this can be accomplished.

Horrible Bungling.

Serious inconveniences that attend the gibbeting of a man where the punishment of death is not regularly in force are being felt in no little degree in Russia now, where, capital punishment having been abolished for many years, the machinery of the hangman has got out of gear. Wladetsky, who shot at Count Loris Melikoff, was executed after an extremely rough-and-ready fashion, a common packing case having been kicked from under him at a given signal—an arrangement which kept the wretched man struggling several minutes more than was necessary. The clumsiness of this hanging reminds one of the horrible accident that took place at the execution of the conspirators at the commencement of Nicholas' reign. On this occasion the ropes broke when the signal was given, and the criminals were precipitated into a deep ditch round the glacis of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the edge of which the gibbet was set up. Two of the men were found to have their legs broken, and resigned themselves tamely enough to be replaced under the gibbet. But the third, who was Colonel Pestel, the author and soul of the conspiracy, preserved his consciousness, and cried out, as he was being pinioned again, with a voice that was heard above the beating of the drums, "What a miserable country, where they do not even know how to hang a man!"

A Mexican Beverage.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, writing from Mexico, says: No one can ever forget his first draught of pulque. It is administered in a little earthenware cup to the stranger. The natives take it in a quart measure. It looks like Chicago milk, wherein the lacteal fluid has been liberally diluted with the water of Lake Michigan. The appearance is natural, but the smell—it can never be described! There is a combined odor of the dried pigskin in which it is carried and the subtle and peculiar odor of the plant. The taste is not so bad, and if the traveler's nostrils are sufficiently filled with the white, ashy dust of the plain, he may toss it off without much of a shudder, shutting his eyes, to the disgusting receptacle from which it comes. There is but one thing that resembles it in flavor, however slightly, and that is koumyss. The similarity is not very striking, still it may be noticed. General Grant was familiar with the taste of the beverage from his visit to the country thirty years ago, and did not care to refresh his memory, but General Sheridan and Colonel Grant felt bound to satisfy their curiosity in the matter, and a single cup holding less than a gill was enough for both.

Moses A. Hopkins, a colored man of pure African blood, who was graduated from the Auburn theological seminary in 1877, having learned to read after he was seventeen years of age, is very actively engaged in religious work in North Carolina. He supplies four churches.

CHURCH NOTES.

There are eighty-two Mormon churches in England and Ireland.

It is said that there is not a single infidel work in the Welsh language.

The total preaching power of the English Methodist churches amounts to 38,000 preachers, the great majority of whom are laymen.

There are twenty Christian churches in Antananarivo, Madagascar, a city of 100,000 population. Some of them hold more than 1,000 persons, and on Sunday all are filled.

Within the last ten years the Methodists in Cleveland, Ohio, and its neighborhood, have built more than twenty church edifices, at a cost of something over $300,000.

In Kansas the average increase in Presbyterian churches during the past twenty years has been one a month. Since last October it has been one a week. Eight years ago this denomination secured its first foothold in Texas and it has thirty-seven churches, 900 communicants and 2,000 Sunday-school teachers.

Forty-nine members within a year have been added to a Christian church in the Chinese village of Shia Chia Tang. A heathen temple in that village was converted into a church about a year ago.

The oldest minister in the church of Scotland is the Rev. Walter Home, of Polwarth, Berwickshire, who was ordained in 1823, and succeeded his father as the minister of the church at that place.

In the city and neighborhood of Edinburg six churches are in course of erection by the United Presbyterian church. In other denominations church building at Edinburg is also very active.

Bishop Hare, of the Protestant Episcopal church, confirmed 120 Indians last year.

The Methodists are increasing rapidly in Sweden. During the past few months revival meetings have been held, generally with large results. In one place sixty new members have been received.

Southern Methodism is strong in Texas. It reports 80,499 members; 759 local preachers; 537 churches, and 385 pastors. The total amount promised pastors was, last year, $138,244, of which $50,887 was not paid.

An English paper reports that an archbishop and two bishops of the sect known as "Old Believers," have been confined in a Russian fortress for periods ranging from seventeen to twenty-six years, their only offense being that they celebrated religious services according to the rites of their own faith.

The *Moravian* prints detailed statistics of the northern and southern districts of the American province. There are in the northern district 8,212 communicants, 1,588 non-communicants over thirteen years of age, and 4,508 children; in the southern district 1,279 communicants. The total of communicants, non-communicants and children is 16,280. The number of persons dropped last year was very large, amounting to 782, caused chiefly by revision of the church books. The number dropped in 1876 was 262; in 1877, 331; in 1878, 563.

The "Congregational Year Book" for 1880 states that seventy-four ministers died in 1879 of the average age of sixty-eight years, the seven theological seminaries had 298 students, and there were 3,674 churches—an increase of fifty-four—of which 898 have pastors, 1,893 acting pastors, 200 are regularly and 683 irregularly supplied. There are 3,585 ministers and 389,920 members, the net gain for the year being 7,266. Of the total of members 249,349 are females and 128,22- males. The Sunday-schools have 437,505 scholars. The benevolent contributions amounted to $1,098,091, and the ordinary expenditures $2,594,228.

Words of Wisdom.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt for weakness.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered with tears.

No one ought to enjoy what is too good for him; he ought to make himself worthy of it, and rise to its level.

Politeness is the imitation of a mutual good-will among men; this good-will, therefore, exists somewhere, for without a model there would be no copy.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

An ambition to excel in petty things obstructs the progress to nobler aims. The aspiring spirit, like the winged eagle, should keep its gaze steadily fixed on the sun toward which it soars.

If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?

The Reno (Nevada) *Gazette* claims that there is a petrified tree lying near Lovelock station, that State, 600 feet in length and two feet thick.

The Rochester *Express* complains that the mornings get up too early.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Nearly Two Hundred Pounds of Horse-flesh Consumed Every Week by the Lions, Tigers and Panthers at the Philadelphia Zoo—The Diet of the Other Animals.

Visitors to the Zoological Garden have noticed down in the lower end of the grounds, a little to the right of the place where the polar bears are kept, a line of low, rambling buildings built against the fence which separates the grounds from a long strip of land lying between the gardens and the New York branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. The last of these buildings is a good deal better than the rest, being a tall, close, frame shanty of nine boards and having a door to it. The others, smaller, more uneven and without any doors, are nothing more than mere sheds or stalls. Always in front of them will be seen a pile of clover hay, with a half a dozen, more or less, sorry-looking horses, the sole occupants of the sheds, feeding thereon. An inspection of these animals will usually show a plethora of defects in the way of damaged eyes or spavined joints or broken wind, all, in the majority of instances, being the regular accompaniments of old age and being but another way of describing a horse broken down by weight of years and past his stage of usefulness. Occasionally younger animals may be seen in the stalls, but these are also suffering from some affliction of body or limb and stand on the same footing as the rest.

These horses, once they get under the above described sheds, have all one common destiny—they are to be killed and dressed as food for the animals of the Zoological Garden. The amount of food consumed daily by the animals large and small, is no little. The chief meat-eating animals are the lions, tigers, leopards, pumas and hyenas. Altogether they consume about 175 pounds of horse meat a day. Four horses a week is the usual average in keeping up the supply of these animals alone. Next in point of heavy feeding come the elephants. Their chief food is hay, of which it takes about four times as much to keep an elephant as it does to keep a horse, the elephant eating about 100 pounds of hay every twenty-four hours. And in order to keep up his appetite the hay must be the best going, being invariably timothy of the best grade. Other animals that eat hay are the giraffes, the camels, the deer, zebra and different animals of the cattle species. Most all these are fed on what is known as mixed hay, timothy and clover, which is about twenty per cent. cheaper than the timothy alone. Two wagon loads of each per week is the amount used. Each wagon load is supposed to contain 30,000 weight, or a ton and a half. The price for timothy is about twenty dollars per ton, which makes the three tons per week equal to sixty dollars. The mixed hay costs in the neighborhood of eighteen dollars a ton, thus making the weekly cost of that necessary supply fifty-four dollars, which, added to the sixty dollars, gives the weekly cost of hay alone in the sum of one hundred and fourteen dollars.

The cost of feeding the lions, tigers, leopards and pumas is about twenty dollars a week. Add to this the one hundred and fourteen dollars, cost of feeding the larger animals, elephants, giraffes and others, and the cost is one hundred and thirty-four dollars. This does not nearly represent all the animals fed in the garden nor does it come near being the chief item of cost. There are a hundred and one other creatures requiring, in many cases, much more delicate and costly food. The sea-lions have to be fed on fish, usually fresh and salt mackerel, each animal taking twelve or fifteen to each meal twice a day, and consuming altogether 100 pounds of fish daily. Next in point of delicate livers come the polar bears, whose regular diet is bread soaked in milk, with fish now and then for a change. The black bears are also given bread, 100 pounds being used daily. Vegetables of almost every sort are fed liberally to the different animals—cabbage, potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips. The elephants are great cabbage eaters, in addition to their standard diet, hay. The giraffes, singularly enough, are great onion eaters, while the deer and the goats and animals of the cow species eat carrots and turnips and potatoes. Bran and oats and corn are also liberally distributed—mostly once or twice a week—among the hay-eating animals. The most delicate and expensive feeder in the place perhaps is the ourang-outang, which gets beef, potatoes, bread and honey. As there is only one in the collection at present, the cost of keeping this grinning satire on the human species is not multiplied. Another delicacy which must not be omitted in the diet of the polar bears is fish oil, of which they get several supplies a week. After the hay the oats is perhaps the next chief source of expense in the way of animal food. As for the fowls, the larger ones are fed on corn, while the small birds are fed on canary seed, and all of them now and then get a small chunk of meat. The cost of feeding the animals alone foots up to about $100 a day. All the horses that go to supply the meat-eating animals are killed on the ground, in the small slaughter house that stands at the lower end of the row of sheds in the lower part of the garden.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

It is a time-honored custom in Quincy Fla., to salute a new married couple by firing a cannon.

The brocade most used for millinery has agate cloudings of two colors.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

There are about 2,000,000 Hebrews in Russia.

The Sheriff is an individual of strong attachments.

A cat's mouth is like a free show; open to wawl.

The harsh toned frog is lifting his barcarole in the marshes.

Cider jelly from Vermont is sold by the bucket in Boston.

The man who preserved silence must have had a candid tongue.

Brocatelle is a stylish and durable new stuff for overdresses.

The man that is always around the Hub must be a spokesman.

Ruby and dark red fabrics have a richness that delicate tints lack.

If ever a man needed to travel for his health it is the Czar of Russia.

It is not decided in what part of New York Cleopatra's needle will be stuck.

Spring poetry is worth more this year than last; paper has gone up in price.

It is put up or shut up with the great American umbrella.

It makes Eli Perkins mad to hear an English cockney call him Helie Perkins.

A dairyman could furnish clean milk if he would only strain a pint to accommodate you.

A fashion writer says "polka spots may be fashionable, but they are hardly artistic."

It is rather odd that the Smith family have neglected to erect a monument to Pocahontas.

The great Chinese moralist is said to have been a great liar. Why Confucius in that way.

In Leadville never say "Colonel," but Senator, shove the bacon." Colonels are too thick.

Wagner composes in a small, badly-ventilated apartment; he never did care much for "air."

A poet calls the humming bird a winged emerald "by swiftness turned to golden mist"

Governor Tabor will put up buildings in Denver, Colorado, requiring five million brick.

About as near an approach to perpetual motion as can be found this time of year is a barometer.

A venerable Massachusetts matron remembers Ben Butler when he wore bibs and was "spoons" on his pap.

"Nasby" has sold his "Widow" for $30,000. This is the biggest sell on a widow we have ever heard of.

The boy with his first watch manifests an uncontrollable desire to note the exact second at which he meets every person upon the street.

During the period of nearly two centuries the first born of the house of Austria has been a girl—a singular fact.

Judicious advertising has created many a new business; has enlarged many an old business; has revived many a dull business; has rescued many a lost business; has saved many a failing business; has preserved many a large business, and secures success in any business.

The Boston *Transcript* says that an East Boston lady was recently requested by the Board of Health to have traps placed under the sinks and basins in her house, and when an inspector, a few days later, examined the premises, it was found that she had placed there several rat-traps.

Let an honest man jump from an express train going at full speed, and the odds are a hundred to one that he breaks his neck. Let a handcuffed murderer or burglar or counterfeiter take the same perilous leap, and in four cases out of five he will get off with a few trifling bruises, or, at worst, a sprained ankle. What is the reason?

Speaking of advertisements, their whimsicality seems to be on the increase. In a recent Cardiff paper there was the following gem: "Lost, between the Royal Hotel and 2 o'clock yesterday, a bunch of keys." But the drollest thing I can call to mind appeared recently in *The Pioneer*, a well known Indian paper; "Wanted—A situation as snake charmer in a serious family. N. B.—No objection to look after a camel."

A new steam street car, which has met with success in New York, has been tested on grades of 345 feet to the mile and on curves of thirty-three feet radius. It has readily drawn up all grades and around all curves one, two and even three cars, itself being full of passengers, and under ordinary conditions it can be made to do the work of two, three or even four teams of horses. It makes twenty miles an hour.

A new rule has gone into effect in the United States patent office, which is of much importance to inventors. Hereafter, no models will be required to accompany applications for letters patent, examiners depending solely on the drawings in making up their decision. When they are unable, owing to the intricacy of the invention, to decide a knotty point, they are empowered to call upon the inventor for a model, but, it is estimated, this will not be necessary oftener than once in a thousand cases. This will be a great saving to the inventor, and is highly satisfactory to the patent attorneys; but we question whether the model makers have received the news with any great demonstrations of joy.